

Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

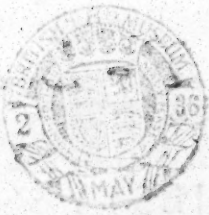
By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Vade sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.

Ovid. Trist. El. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, and
RALPH SMITH, 1711.



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To the Right Honourable

PEREGRINE,
Lord Marquis of Carmarthen, &c.

MY LORD,

BEing equally a Stranger to your Lordship, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, something of a natural Impulse and aspiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Presumption, to declare my Respect. And be the Success how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I shall be so far thought a judicious Author, whose principal Business is to design his Works an Offering to the greatest Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, stand accused of any sort of Adulation, but to my self, because Compliments due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to my self, whilst I attempt your Lordship's Praise. I dare make no Essay on your Lordship's youthful Bravery and Courage, because such is always guarded with Modesty, but shall venture to present you some Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your Lordship.

*Courage the highest Gift, that scorns to bend
To mean Devices for a sordid End. [Throne,
Courage——an independent Spark from Heaven's bright
By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in it self, not Praises of the Crowd,
Above all Vice, it stoops not to be proud.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which those great in War, are great in Love.
The Spring of all brave Acts is seated here,
As Falshoods draw their sordid Birth from fear,*

The best and noblest part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty, what Veneration then is due to those Virtues and Endowments which even engag'd the Respect of Royalty it self, in the Person of one of the greatest Emperors in the World, who chose your Lordship not only as a Companion, but a Conductor.

He wanted the Fire of such a *Briton* to animate his cold *Russians*, and wou'd therefore chuse you his Leader in War, as in Travel: He knew the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only stopt by an *English* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A Sense of this Greatness which might deter others, animates me to address your Lordship; resolv'd that my first Muse shou'd take an high and daring Flight, I aspir'd to your Lordship's Protection for this Trifle, which I must own my self now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most devoted Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

P R O

PROLOGUE.

By J. H. spoken by Mr. Powell, a Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.

*AS stubborn Atheists, who disdain'd to pray,
Repent, tho late, upon their dying Day,
So in their Pangs, most Authors rack'd with Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our suppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd.
Love and a Bottle are his peaceful Arms,
Ladies, and Gallants, have not these some Charms?
For Love, all Mankind to the Fair must sue.
And Sirs, the Bottle he present to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks.) e'en let it fairly pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their Glass!
O there's a damning Soldier——let me think——
He looks as he were sworn——to what? To drink. (drinks,
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
From you the Poet's Helicon must come;
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He give his Service (drinks) sure you now are Friends.
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all Abuse,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuse,
But each Man's Mistress be the Poet's Muse.*

}

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Roebuck.</i>	{ An <i>Irish</i> Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper ; newly come to <i>London</i> . }	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Lovewell.</i>	{ His Friend, sober and modest, in love with <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Mockmode.</i>	{ A young Squire, come newly from the University, and setting up for a Beau. }	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Lyrick.</i>	A Poet.	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Pamphlet.</i>	A Bookseller.	} Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
<i>Rigadoon.</i>	A Dancing-Master.	
<i>Nimblewrist.</i>	A Fencing-Master,	Mr. <i>Ashton</i> .
<i>Club.</i>	Servant to <i>Mockmode</i> .	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Brush.</i>	Servant to <i>Lovewell</i> .	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda.</i>	{ A Lady of considerable Fortune. }	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Leathe.</i>	{ Sister to <i>Lovewell</i> , in love with <i>Roebuck</i> , and disguis'd as <i>Lucinda</i> 's Page. }	Mrs. <i>Maria Alison</i> .
<i>Trudge.</i>	Whore to <i>Roebuck</i> .	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Bullfinch.</i>	{ Landlady to <i>Mockmode</i> , <i>Lyrick</i> , and <i>Trudge</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Pindress.</i>	{ Attendant and Confidant to <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Moor</i> .

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Masques, and Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

LOVE



LOVE and a BOTTLE.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck in a Riding Habit Solus, repeating the following Line.



THUS far our Arms have with Success been Crown'd.—— Heroically spoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my present Necessity, may I be hang'd; tho' I'm reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very soon, if Robbery or Theft will purchase the Gallows. But hold—— Can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's sake?

Roeb. Ha!—— a Glimpse of Damnation just as a Man is entering into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.—— But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip. Five Years, an't please you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five year a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar!—— This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful Maintenance than

I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why wouldst thou beg of me? Dost think I'm rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you Charitable. Your warm Fellows are as much above the Sense of our Misery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by sad Experience, as needless to beg of a rich Man as a Clergy-man. Our greatest Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and must now turn Beggars like my self; and so, Times are very hard, Sir,

Roeb. What! Are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will say Dam'me, and give me Six-pence; and a Parson shall whine out God bless me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Blessing much the best.

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compassionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear stop their Ears so close, that they can't hear us; and if they shou'd they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miser in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the favour which rich Friends bestow, a little Advice. I am as poor as thou art, and am designing to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir. See what an Honourable Post I am forc'd to stand to, my Rags are Scare-crows sufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home.

[Shewing his Crutch.]

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer sort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou has got a Cloven-foot instead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard case that a Man must never expect to go nearer Heav'n than some steps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable: I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend Lovewell (which I think impossible, being so great a Stranger in Town) Fortune, thou hast done thy worst; I proclaim open War against thee.

*I'll stab thy next rich Darling that I see;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.*

[Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making some turns cross the Stage in Disorder, while the next speak. Exit Beggar Enter.]

Enter Lucinda and Pindrefs.

Luc. Oh! these Summer Mornings are so delicately fine,
Pindrefs, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, these Summer Mornings are as pleasant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Lovewell*.

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his share very soon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I shall soon lie under an Eclipse, *Pindrefs*.

Pin. Then it must be full Moon with your Ladyship. But why wou'd you chuse to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no cause, but that People are aptest to run mad in hot Weather, unless you take a Woman's Reason.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed strange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddest Dream last Night, of my Courtier that is to be, 'Squire *Mockmode*. He appear'd Crowded about with a Dancing-Master, Pushing-Master, Musick-Master, and all the Throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery so awkwardly, that his Imitation was downright burlesquing it. I burst out a laughing so heartily, that I waken'd my self.

Pin. But Dreams go by contraries, Madam. Have not you seen him yet.

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives account that he's newly come to Town from the University, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, smoke Tobacco, and chop Logick.—Faugh—it makes me sick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns joyn to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns shall never joyn to mine in the City: For since I have the Disposal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell's* the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money; for I've had above twenty pieces from him since his Courtship began. He's the prettiest sober Gentleman; I have so strong an Opinion of his Modesty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your first Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer understands Business better than to beget any thing *non compos*.—The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we must set out our false Colours.

[*Put on their Masks.*]

Pin. We Masks are the purest Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruise about a little?

Luc.

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread these blustering Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-side of Dam'me's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin. In truth, Madam, and the most of 'em are lawful Prize, for they generally have French Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conscience, Girl, thou'rt quite spoil'd. An Actress upon the Stage would blush at such Expressions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyship wou'd seem to blush in the Box, when the Redness of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Constraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a stronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as strong as a Hempen Cord with containing a violent Tihee at a smutty Jest in the last Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl; thy impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Business. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miss'd us for want of the Sign.—But whom have we here? An odd Figure! Some Gentleman in Disguise, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I shou'd believe him in Disguise; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air shew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonstrate him a Wit. He may afford us some sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of those dangerous Men of War you just now mention'd as can be; you had best send out your Pinnace before, to discover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him my self. [*Moves towards him.*
What, Sir, dreaming? [*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roe. Yes, Madam.

[*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream standing?

Roeb. Yes faith, Lady, very often when my Sleep's haunted by such pretty Goblins as you. You are a sort of Dream I wou'd fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the Wise-men of the East?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the West.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that.

Roeb. An *Irish-man*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible ! an Irish-man ! a meer Wolf-Dog, I protest.

Roeb. Ben't surpriz'd, Child ; the Wolf-Dog is as well natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye. [*Lays hold on her.*]

Luc. Pray, good *Cæsar*, keep off your Paws; no scraping acquaintance for Heaven's sake. Tell us some news of your Country ; I have heard the strangest Stories,——that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, 'faith, a great many wear Horns: but we had that among other laudable Fashions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topknots ; for ever since, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Fashions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores ; Colleges, and Playhouses ; Churches, and Taverns ; fine Houses, and Bawdy-Houses : in short every thing that you can boast of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beau's at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like the Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally stripp'd of their Feathers by the Play-house and Taverns ; in both which they pretend to be Criticks ; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a token of a Wit as the Laurel.

Luc. Oh Lard ! and here 'tis the certain sign of a Block-head. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam I know not, unless *St. Patrick* sent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But since I have described my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a sight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to particulars first. Pray, Sir, unmasque, by telling who you are ; and then I'll unmasque, and shew who I am.

Roeb. You must dismiss your Attendant then, Madam ; for the distinguishing particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Mistress ; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whisper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a hint, by which you may understand 'em.—— [*Pretends to whisper, and kisses her.*]

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.——

Roeb.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, since you're so good at minding folks, have with you. *[Catches her fast, carrying her off.]*

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thy self. *[Draws.]*

Roeb. What! Knight-Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely sent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.— *[Quits 'em they go off.]*
Have at thee—St. George for England.—*[They fight after some passes]*
My Friend Lovewell! *[Roeb. starts back, and pauses.]*

Love. My dear Roebuck! *[Fling down their Swords, and embrace.]*
Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, be gad.

Love. Why, thy being in London is such a mystery, that I must have the evidence of more Senses than one to confirm me of its truth.—But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why 'faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your self for not guessing it.—What is the universal Cause of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The universal Cause of our continued Evils, is the Devil sure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, Ned—That very Woman that drove us all out of Paradise, has sent me a packing out of Ireland.

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit, that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, Ned.—The Jade was so pregnant to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in clusters; and my unconscionable Father, because I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I wou'd not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a disobedient Son, and so—

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Manteau and High-Head; but these are grown as little signs of Gentility now-a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you.—To shun th'insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often-repeated Advice of impertinent Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill Bawling of an ill natur'd Bastard.—From all which, Good Lord deliver me.

Love.

Love. And so you left them to grand Dada!—*Ha, ha, ha.*

Roeb. Heaven was pleas'd to lessen my Affliction, by taking away the She-brat; but the t'other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Lovewell*; I made bold to make my Man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she!

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.—But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's Virtuous;—and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdness and Ugliness.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Prosefelyte to this Profession.

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour—Damn it for a whim.—Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whore-masters, we shou'd have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Vertue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them, and consequently they must us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no safe-guard but your innate Principle of Vertue, honest *George Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Sister, *Ned*, and shou'd enjoy a Countess before night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Sister.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Sister, *Ned*, to tempt me. As she was thy Sister, I had no design upon her; but as she's a pretty Woman, I could scarcely forbear her, were she my own.

Love. But, upon serious reflection, Cou'd not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into his Wife, than here by turning other Mens Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you must trade with them, for ought I see.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully?—a great many poor people live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engrossing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought some small Stock to set up with,

Roeb.

Roeb. The greatness of my wants, which wou'd force me to discover 'em, makes me blush to own 'em. [*Aside.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and wou'd burthen my self with no more than just necessary Charges.

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither, is so unreasonable high, that——

Love. What !

Roeb. That——Zoons, I have not one farthing.——Now you understand me.

Love. No faith, I never understand one that comes in *forma pauperis*; I han't study'd the Law so long for nothing.——But what Prospect can you propose of a Supply ?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was just thanking my Stars for sending me a Throat to cut, and consequently a Purse: But my knowledge of you prevented me of that way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in return to assist me by some better means. You were once an honest Fellow; but so long study in the Inns may alter a Man strangely, as you say.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm still a friend to thy Vertues, and esteem thy Follies as Foils only to set them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are some Pieces, share of what I have about me: Take them as earnest of my farther supply; you know my Estate sufficient to maintain us both, if you will either restrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my necessities.

Roeb. Thy profession of Kindness is so great, that I cou'd almost suspect it of Design. But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the fatigue of my Journey, besides a violent Fit of Sickness, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhausting of my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a Relish of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then——
Oh Heav'ns! and Earth! [*As they are going off, Roebuck starts back surpriz'd.*]

Love. What's the matter, Man ?

Roeb. Why! Death and the Devil; or, what's worse, a Woman and a Child.——Oons! don't you see *Mrs. Trudge* with my Bastard in her Arms crossing the Field towards us?——Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the way to *London*!

Love. *Mrs. Trudge*! my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same; your old Acquaintance; and for ought I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love.

Love. 'Tis but reasonable then I shou'd pay share at the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean time, you had best retire.—*Brush*, conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bullfinch's*, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine.—Fly, and come back presently.—*[Exit Roeb. and Brush.]*
—So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid these are but part of his Retinue. —But hold—— I shan't be able to sustain the shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdaw till she has discharged her first Volley, then surprize her.

Enter Trudge, with a Child crying.

Hush, hush, hush——And indeed it was a young Traveller.—And what wou'd it say? It says that Daddy is a false Man, a cruel Man, and an ungrateful Man.—In troth so he is, my dear Child.—What shall I do with it, poor Creature?—Hush, hush, hush——Was ever poor Woman in such a lamentable condition? immediately after the pains of one Travail, to undergo the fatigues of another! —But I'm sure, he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curses, and the Misery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I shou'd know that Voice—*[Moving forward.]* What! Mrs. *Trudge*! and in *London*! whose brave Boy hast thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm very glad to see you; —and yet am asham'd to see you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, *[Crying]* and you know Mr. *Lovewell*, that he's such a handsome Man, and has so many ways of insinuating, that the frailty of Woman's Nature could not resist him.

Love. What's all this?—A handsome Man! Ways of insinuating! Frailty of Nature! —I don't understand these ambiguous Terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm sure you have seen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm sure 'twould be the first thing he wou'd tell you. I refer it to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal so barbarously with any Woman that had us'd him so civilly. I was kinder to him than I wou'd have been to my own born Brother.

Love. Oh then I find kissing goes by favour, Mrs. *Trudge*.

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are alike.—Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were spit out of his mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck's* Nose to a hair; and you know he has a very good Nose; and the little *Pigsny* has Mamma's Mouth.—Oh the little Lips!
and

and 'tis the best natur'd little Dear——[*Smuggles and kisses it.*]
——And wou'd it ask its God-father Blessing?——Indeed,
Mr. Lovewell, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Blessing. [*Gives it Gold.*]

(*As he gives her the Gold, enter Lucinda and Pindrefs, who seeing them stand, abscond.*)

Come, Madam, I'll first settle you in a Lodging, and then find the false Man, as you call him.—— [*Exit Love.*]

Lucinda and Pindrefs come forward.

Luc. The false Man is found already.——Was there ever such a lucky Discovery?——My care for his preservation brought me back, and now behold how my kindness is return'd!——Their Fighting was a downright trick to frighten me from the place, thereby to afford him opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your conjecture, Madam, bears a colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talking very familiarly; so that they cou'd not be Strangers as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true as he is false.——What! slighted! despis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of thy Sex!——But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the first Man that asks me the Question; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a senseless Fop;——Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your self.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deserve punishment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falshood.——And you deserve it too, Minx; your persuasions drew me to this Assignment: I never lov'd the false Man.

Pin. That's false, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Luc. But you thought to get another piece of Gold. We shall have him giving you Money on the same score, he was so liberal to his Whore just now. [*Walks about in Passion.*]

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendship——now for my Love.——I han't transgressed much.——Oh, there she is.——Oh my Angel! [*Runs to her.*]

Luc. Oh thou Devil!—— [*Starts back.*]

Love. Not unless you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[*Exit pushing Pindrefs.*]

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be sworn.——Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now! By the Lord, these Women are

are like their Maidenheads; no sooner found than lost.—Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindress*, and know the occasion of this.—
[*Brush runs.*]—Stay, come back.—Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Brush. That's the first wise word you have spoken these two months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jests, *Sirrah*, and I'll—

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right earnest.—Tis a less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap-Surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me, because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear it no longer.

Love. *Sirrah*, what are you mumbling?

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir.—I have been these three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[*Bows as going.*]

Love. Hold, you shan't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master; yet one would think you might, for you have lost your Mistress. Oons, Sir, let her go, and a fair riddance. Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses Six pence. That little Pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he shot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billets Deux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her heels up e'er now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the stumps with attending; my shoes and Stockings are upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I have sweat out all my Moisture of my Hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have—

Love. Hold, Sir, your trouble is now at an end, for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three Years for nothing but a Wife?

Love. Do you think, Raskal, I wou'd have taken so much pains to make her a Miss?

Brush. No, Sir; the tenth part on't wou'd ha' done.—But if you are resolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the matter now, *Sirrah*!

Brush. Why, the matter will be, that I must then Pimp for her.—Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this while, but teaching her the way to Cuckold ye?—Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish Point to manage.—Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

C

Brush.

Brush. That's it, Sir. She resolves to put your easiness to the Test now, that she may with more security rely upon't hereafter.—Always suspect those Women of Designs that are for searching into the Humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How cam'st thou such an Engueer in Love?

Brush. I have sprung some Mines in my time, Sir; and since I have trudg'd so long about your amorous Messages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than some Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever discover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occasion this suspicious Discourse?

Brush. Sir, has this Lady ever discover'd any Behaviour of yours to occasion this suspicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman said) as any Woman: But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about ravishing her Ladies Page every hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Master, like Man*; why not as well, *like Mistress, like Maid*?

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Besides, so fair an opportunity offers, that Fate seem'd to design it.—Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Brush. Yes, Sir, and Sent a Porter to his Inn to bring his things thither.

Love. That's right.—Love, like other Diseases, must sometimes have a desperate Cure. The School of *Venus* imposes the strict Discipline; And awful *Cupid* is a chastning God; He whips severely.

Brush. No, not if we kiss the Rod.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First ACT.

A C T. II.

SCENE, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck dress'd, and Brush.

Love. O' my Conscience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the constant effects of debauching a Woman are, that she infallibly loves the Man for doing the business, and he certainly hates her.—But what Company is she like to have at this same Widow's, *Brush*.

Brush.

Brush. Oh the best of Company, Sir; a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worst Company, for they're ill natur'd.

Brush. Ay, Sir, but it does no Body any harin; for these Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their words. They must be good natur'd, 'spight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis said he pays his Lodging by cracking some smutty Jests with his Landlady over-night; for she's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While Roeb. and Brush talk, Lovewell seems to project something by himself.*]

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Brush. One newly enter'd, a young Squire, just come from the University.

Roeb. A meer Peripatetick, I warrant him.—A very pretty Family; a Heathen Philosopher, an *English* Poet, and an *Irish* Whore. Had the Landlady but an *Highland* Piper to join with 'em, she might set up for a Collection of Monsters.—Any body within? [*Slaps Lovewell on the Shoulder.*]

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In short, I have one Request to make, That you would renounce your loose wild Courses, and lead a sober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You shall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you would relinquish your precise sober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' shou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themselves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worse than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated; to prevent the inconveniences of which, I'll provide you an honourable Mistress.

Roeb. An honourable Mistress! what's that?

Love. A vertuous Lady, whom you must love and court; the surest method of reclaiming you.—As thus:—Those superfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out.—

Roeb. To the Poor?

Love. No, no: In Sweet-Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Those idle Hours which you mispend with lewd sophisticated Wenches, must be dedicated—

Roeb. To the Church?

Lov. No; to the innocent and charming Conversation of your virtuous Mistress; by which means, the two most exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd,

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I must first despise the honest jolly Conversation at the Tavern, for the foppish, affected, dull, insipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-house; must quit my freedom with ingenious Company, to harness my self to Foppery among the fluttering crowd of *Cupid's* Liver-boys.—The second Article is, That I must resign the Company of lewd Women for that of my innocent Mistress; that is, I must change my easie natural sin of Wenching, to that constrain'd debauchery of Lying and Swearing.—The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Sister, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Lov. Oh *Roebuck!* your Reason will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have lost my Reason; Come, come, a Wench, a Wench! a soft, white, easie, consenting Creature!—Prithee, *Ned*, leave Mustiness, and shew me the Varieties of the Town.

Lov. A Wench is the least Variety—Look out—See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there.—

[*Pointing outwards.*]

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all these fine stately Creatures!

Fare you well, *Ned*.—[*Runs out; Lovew. catches him, and pulls him back.*]

Prithee let me go; 'Tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite starv'd. I'll just take a snap, and be with you in the twinkling—As you're my Friend—I must go.

Lov. Then we must break for all together.—[*Quits him.*]
—He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendship as in Love.

Roeb. If you saw how ill that serious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Masquerade but Gravity.

Lov. Tho' Lewdness suits much worse with your Circumstances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, these Circumstances! Damn these Circumstances.—There he has hamstring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man sneak!—Well, prithee let's know this devilish Vertuous Lady. By the Circumstances of my Body, I shall soon be off or on with her.

Lov. Know then for thy utter Condemnation; that she's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Vertuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good.—Beautiful! Better—Witty!—Best of all—Now with these three Qualifications, if she be nicely vertuous, then I'll henceforth adore every things that wears a Petticoat—Witty and Vertuous! Ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit should be my Bawd—Come, come the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right.—But there was a cunninger Devil than you, to tempt.—I'll assure you *George*, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; she wou'd worst you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if she be Eighteen, as you say:

Love. Have a care, Friend, this Satyr will get you torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus's* Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deserv'd his Fate.

Lov. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Lov. This happens right—(*Aside.*)—But you shall go to Heav'n for a Mistress, you shall court this Divine Creature—I don't desire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you shou'd marry her neither: But you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex; tho' if you shou'd conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the pains in attaining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circumstances.—

Lov. Come, you shan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend thou art the bravest Pimp I ever heard of.—Well, give me Directions to sail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Lov. You need no Directions as to the manner of Courtship.

Roeb. No; I have seen some few Principles, on which my Courtship's founded, which seldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modesty, but to depend my self altogether upon my Impudence; to use a Mistress like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Question, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member

that can't hurt a Lady's Honour, tho' touch'd to the tender'st part.

Lov. Oh! but to a Friend, George; you'll tell a Friend your Success.

Roeb. No, not to her very self; it must be as private as Devotion.—No blabbing unless a squawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales.—But where lies my Course?

Lov. *Brush* shall shew you the House; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; she's Heiress to Twelve Hundred a Year. But above all, observe this: She has a Page which you must get on your side; 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I presented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Country-man too; he brought me a Letter from my Sister, which I have about me.—Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her hand; I know it well; and I almost blush to see it. *(Aside.*

[Reads] Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me as her last Request, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page. I hope I have obey'd my Friend's last Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by sending him to you. Pray dispose of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Sister, *Leanne*.

(While he reads, Lovewell talks to Brush, and gives him some Directions seemingly.

All Friends are well; Is that all? Not a word of poor *Roebuck*.—I wonder she mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But she has forgot me already. True Woman still.—Well, I may excuse her, for I'm making all the haste I can to forget her.

Lov. Be sure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me presently at Widow *Bullfinch's*.—*(To Brush.)*—Well, George, you won't communicate your Success? *(Aside.*

Roeb. You may guess what you please.—I'm as merry after a Mistress as after a Bottle.—All Air; brimfull of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, smiling and sparkling,

Lov. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor shall I drink to any body.—

(Exeunt severally.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Dining-room in Widow Bulfinch's House, A Flute, Musick-book upon the Table; a Case of Toys hanging up.—

Enter Rigadoon the Dancing-Master, leading in Mockmode by both hands; as teaching him the Minuet; he sings and Mockmode dances awkwardly; Club follows,

Rig. Tal—dal—deral—One—Two.—Tal—dal—deral—Coupé—Tal—dal—deral—Very Well—dal—deral—Wrong.—Tal—dal—deral—Toes out—Tal—dal—deral—Observe Time:—Very well indeed, Sir; you shall dance as well as any Man in England; you have an excellent Disposition in your Limbs, Sir—Observe me, Sir.

(Here the Master dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut Club makes an awkward Imitation by leaping up.

And so forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we shall disturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You must have a care of that; she'll never pardon you.—Landlady!—Every Woman, from a Countess to a Kitchin-wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir*.

Mock. Must I then lose my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire Mockmode.

Rig. By all Means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the same thing here.

Mock. That's very Comical, Faith!—But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. Rigadoon?—Well, since I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I have a great Estate, and want only to be a great Beau to qualifie me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Universe, I have a great mind to bind my self 'Prentice to a Beau.—Cou'd I but dance well, push well, play upon the Flute, and swear the most modish Oaths, I wou'd set up for Quality with e'er a young Nobleman of 'em all.—Pray what are the most fashionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming one.

Rig. *Zoons* is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies: But *Zauns* is the *Beaux* Pronunciation.

Mock. *Zauns*.—

Club. *Zauns*.—

Rig. Yes, Sir, we swear as we dance; smooth, and with a Cadence.—*Zauns*! 'Tis harmonious, and pleases the Ladies, because 'tis soft.—*Zauns*, Madam—is the only Compliment our great *Beaux* pass on a Lady.

Mock. But suppose a Lady speaks to me, what must I say?

Rig. Nothing, Sir—you must take Snush, grin, and make her an humble Cringe—Thus:

[*He bows Foppishly, and takes Snush; Mockmode imitates him awkwardly; and taking Snush, sneezes.*]

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you must never sneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangere*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snush-box; and I heard a Physician swear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Divisions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangere*, *Bourgamot*, and *Plain-Spanish*.

Mock. Zauns, I must sneeze—(*Sneezes*)—Bless me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode*! What a rustical Expression that is?—Bless me!—You shou'd upon all such Occasions cry, Dem me. You wou'd be as nauseous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obsolete Expression.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modish in this Town—Pray, Master Dancing-Master, what Religion may these Beaux be of?

Rig. A sort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worship the first thing they see in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glafs; and some of 'em such Hellish Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worship the Devil.

Rig. Then you shall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you must be sure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Musick very convenient too?—I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire*, *Bifabemi*, *Cesolfa*, *Delasol*, *Ela*, *Effaut*, *Gesolreut*. I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of these Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unless he understands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's easie. *Effaut* and *Gesolreut* were two famous *German* Musicians, and the rest were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only seven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Bass-Viol with seven Strings, that play'd a Jig call'd the *Musick of the Spheres*: The seven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-strings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-Master?

Rig.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-Master; he shews the Creation to be a Country-Dance, where after some Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their places, and there they stand ready, till the next squeak of a Philosopher's Fiddle sets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Pushing-Master.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you must have a care of pushing, 'twill spoil the Niceness of your Steps. Learn a Flourish or two; and that's all a Beau can have Occasion for.

Enter Nimblewrist.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewrist*! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe.

Nimb. That was a home Thrust. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foil.*]—I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordsman; you're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*.——Sa, sa——like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But, I think, Backsword is the best Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir!——Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of it.——*France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*.

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with Quart, on the South with Tierce and so forth. 'Tis a Noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this Noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What are ye a Corporation then?

Nim. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, because we make so much Work for 'em.——But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out: But then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live

live still by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *English* Courages, *French* Honour and *Spanish* Blades among us, I shall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir. —Sa, fa, fa, fa. Parry, parry, parry,—

[*He pushes Mockmode on the Ribs; he strikes Nimble-wrist over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*]

Club. What's the Name of that Thrust, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! he did not touch me not in the least, Sir, The Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack.

[*Blood runs down his Face.*]

Club. A very palpable Crack, truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd that's all.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you please to teach me my Honours—My Dancing-master has forbid me any more, lest I should discompose my steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-master is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and so——

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead by the Universe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir—— [Foppishly.]

Nimb. Zoons, Sir. [Bluffishly.]

Rig. I have more Wit in the Sole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir; you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry such empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect Antipodes to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you, good Monsieur, fa, fa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greatest falsifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head so full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honesty left. His Breast-plate there he calls the But of Honour, at which all the Fools in the Kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never shot in his Bow, Sir.—You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toss the light Foppish Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get your selves in heat.—Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Grasshopper of you.—Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdness; and the Devil and a Dan-

a Dancing-master, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chastity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We shall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who must be hang'd for you.—Which is best, Mr. *Nimble-wrist*, an easie Minuet, or a *Tyburn Jig*?

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, lest that Art you so revile shou'd revenge it self; for every one of you that live by Dancing should die by Pushing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Pushing, shou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir;—Tall—dal—deral.—(*Dances.*)—This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the business. If you want a Fortune, come to me—Tal—dal—deral—
(*Dances.*)

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir.—sa, sa,—does your business soonest with a Woman. A clean and manly Extension of all your parts—Ha—Carrying a true Point is the matter.—Sa, sa, sa, sa,—Defend your self. (*Pushes at Rigadoon, who dances and sings, retiring off the Stage.*)
Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Goodness! What a Room's here! Cou'd not these Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's such a tripping and such a stamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-masters have been the Downfal of many Houses. Get out of my Doors; my House was never in such a pickle.—You Country Gentlemen, newly come to *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, must be shaking the Water off, and, bespatter every body about you.—(*Mockmode having taken Snuff, offering to sneeze, sneezes in her Face.*)

Mock. Zauns! Madam—(*Sneezes.*)—Bless me!—Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. These cursed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, sa—Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Pushing and Dancing Days are done: But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you—

you——Ah, my poor *Robin*!——He dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young Man as ever step'd into a Black-Leather Shoe: He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel——But I am sure he might have recover'd but for the Physicians——Oh these Doctors! these Doctors!

Mock. Bless the Doctors; I say; for I believe they kill'd my honest old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true. If my *Robin* had left me an Estate, I should have said so too.—— [Cries.

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you must not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloths. I'll assure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's most modish for Beverage? For, I suppose, the Fashion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylers are the best Judges of that——But Champagne, I suppose.

Mock. Is Champagne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker.——I think they call my Wig a Campaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champagne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh by the Universe, I must be witty. I'll drink nothing else; I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly.——Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it; the witty Liquor. [Exit Club.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the University shou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no such thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your solid Philosophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Universe. I must get acquainted with the great Poets. Landlady, you must introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir! Wou'd you ruine me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be seen with a Poet, for fear she shou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country; I hope they don't fleece the Wits?

Bull. Alas, Sir; They have no Fleeces; there's a great Cry, but little Wooll. However if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance

acquaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here sometimes.

Mock. *Lovewell*! By the Universe, my Rival; I heard of him in the Country. This puts me in mind of my Mistress. —Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was so in love with my self, I quite forgot her. — I have a Note in my Pocket-Book to find her out by. — [*Pulls out a large Pocket-Book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himself.*

Six-pence for Washing. — Two-pence to the Maid. — Six-pence for Snush. — One Shilling for Butter'd Ale. — By the Universe, I have lost the Directions. — Hark ye, Madam; does this same *Lovewell* come often here, say you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often. — There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now.

Mock. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House, just now; of his Acquaintance, do you say?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you say: By the Universe! shou'd I happen to lodge in the same House with my Mistress: I gad, it must be the same. Can you tell the Woman's Name? — Stay — Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe she's a Widow, for she has a young Son, and I'm sure 'tis legitimately begotten; for it is the bravest Child you shall see in a Summer's Day: 'Tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diseases of half a dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Universe, I don't remember whether my Mistress is Maid or Widow: But a Widow, so much the better; for all your *London* Widows are devilish rich, they say. She came in a Coach, did she not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly she. — Does she not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not stirr'd abroad since she came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told she was very reserv'd, tho' 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother say, that sitting at home, and silence, were very becoming in a Maid; and she has often chid my Sister *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. I gad, I'm the most lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh but this Lady, Sir. —

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to speak with you instantly.

Bull.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a minute.
[Exit with Servant.

Enter Club with Wine and Glasses.

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glasses. Now that I have found my Mistress, I must next find my Wits.

Club. So you had need, Master; for those that find a Mistress, are generally out of their Wits.—— (*Gives him a Glass.*

Mock. Come, fill for your self. (*They jingle and drink.* But where's the Wit now, *Club*? Have you found it?

Club. I gad, Master, I think 'tis a very good Jest.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why, Drinking. You'll find, Master, that this same Gentleman in the Straw-Douplet, this same Will i'th'Wisp, is a Wit at the bottom. (*Fills.*) — Here, here Master; how it puns and quibbles in the Glass!

Mock. By the Universe, now I have it; the Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit consists most in Jingling, Hear how the Glasses rhyme to one another.

Club. What, Master, are these Wits so apt to clash? (*Jingle the Glasses.*

Mock. Oh by the Universe, by the Universe, this is Wit. (*Breaks 'em*) My Landlady is in the right.——I have often heard, there was Wit in breaking Glasses. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then, that this same Wit is very brittle Ware.—But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to spill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jest, Sirrah; all Wit consists in losing; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy this same Wine is all sold at *Will's* Coffee-house. Do you know the way thither, Sirrah? I long to see Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the rest of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly these Poets must have something extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities of the Town, I long to see nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam*.——Come in, *Club*; I must go practise my Honours.——Tal — dal — deral.——

Exit dancing, and Clup toping.

Enter Lovewell and Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell*! you come just in the nick; I was ready to spoil all, by telling him that she was a Stranger, and just now come.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the most fortunate chance that ever befel me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our side.

Bull.

Bull. There's no body but Mr. *Lyrick* ; and you had as safely tell a Secret over a Groaning-Cheese, as to him.

Lov. How so?

Bull. Why, you must know, that he has been Lying in these four Months of a Play ; and he has got all the Muses about him ; a parcel of the most tattling Gossips.

Lov. Come, come ; no more words ; But to our Business : I will certainly reward you. But have you any good hopes of its succeeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's side. But I'm afraid, your Widow will never play her part, she's so awkward, and so fullen.

Lov. Go you and instruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithce, who is this same *Roebuck*?—Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is something else at the bottom ; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well. *Exit.*

Enter Brush.

Lov. So, Sirrah ! where have you left the Gentleman?

Brush. In a Friend's House, Sir.

Lov. What Friend?

Brush. Why, a Tavern.

Lov. What took him there?

Brush. A Coach, Sir.

Lov. How d'ye mean?

Brush. A Coach and Six, Sir, no less, I'll assure you, Sir.

Lov. A Coach and Six!

Brush. Yes, Sir, six Whores and a Carted Bawd. He pick'd 'em all up in the street, and is gone with this splendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? He told me, That he only wanted to Whet, when the very sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Lov. The Fellow will have his swing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode* ; call himself *Mockmode* upon all occasions ; and tell him that he shall find me here about Four in the Afternoon. —Ask no Questions, but fly.—So : —His usurping that Name, gives him a Title to Court *Lucinda*, by which I shall discover her Inclination to (*Exit Brush*) this *Mockmode*, whose coming to Town has certainly occasion'd her Quarrel with me ; while I set the Hound himself upon a wrong Scent, and

and ten to one provide for Mistress Trudge by the bargain.
Tis said, one can't be a Friend, and a Lover.

*But opposite to that, this Plot shall prove,
I'll serve my Friend by what assists my Love.*

[Exit.

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T. III.

SCENE, Lucinda's House.

Enter Leanthe Sola, dress'd like a Page.

MEthinks this Livery suits ill my Birth: but slave to Love,
I must not disobey; his Service is the hardest Vassallage,
forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godships down, to be
more Gods, more happy here below.——Thus I, poor Wanderer,
have left my Country, disguis'd my self so much, I hardly
know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindest; to follow
one, perhaps, that loves me not, tho' every Breath of his
soft Words was Passion, and every accent Love. Oh Roebuck!
[Weeps.

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-boy, that must light me
the way.——How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten
you? ha!——This Lady must be a *Venus*, for she has got a
Cupid in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy,——
(*Leanthe starts, and stares at him.*) but a very comical Boy.——
What the Devil does he stare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns! is the Object real, or are my Eyes false?
Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leanthe*? I am afraid he's not the
same; and too sure I'm not my self.—— [Weeps.

Roeb. What Offence cou'd such pretty Innocence commit,
to deserve a Punishment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir? a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you, shou'd have a care of sharp
things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me so deep, that
the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy!—here's a Plaister for your sore Finger.——

[Gives him Gold.

Lean,

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger. [*Returns it.*]

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold. — Come, come, you shall take it.

[*Forces it upon him and kisses him.*]

Lean. That's the fitter cure for my sore Finger. — The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true!

[*Aside.*]

Roeb. By Heavens, this Boy has the softest pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiss'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I must kiss him again. — Come, you shall take the Money.

[*Kisses.*]

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery! — But what must I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already; and they say, no Man can serve two Masters, much less two Mistresses. How many Mistresses have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! — I gad, the Boy has pos'd me. — How many, Child? Why, let me see. — There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Susan*, Mrs. *Judy*, and so forth; to the number of Five and twenty or thereabouts?

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, desperately. — I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of 'em: I have sworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy. Learn betimes, Youth; young Plants shou'd be water'd. Your Smock-face was made for a Chamber-Utensil.

Lean. And did not one escape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did; — the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous grudge still; something between Love and Spight. — I cou'd kill her with kindness.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be so hard-hearted sure: Her honourable Passion, I think, shou'd please you best.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old bombast of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll understand better things.

Lean. And must I be a false treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falshood and Perjury essential to the perfect state of Manhood?

D

Roeb.

Roeb. Pshaw, Children and old Men always talk thus foolishly.—You understand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World so educating to a Boy, as a Lady's.—By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Ladies Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the—Pincushion? Do you never sit on her Bedside, and sing to her? Ha!—Come, tell me, that's my good Boy.—

[*Makes much of him.*]

Lean. Yes, I do sing her asleep sometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I constantly wake my self; my Rest's always disturbed by Visions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who would imagine now, that this young Shaver could dream of a Woman so soon?—But what Songs does your Lady delight in most?

Lean. Passionate ones, Sir; I'll sing you one of 'em, if you'll stay.

Roeb. With all my heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of shewing his Parts.—Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. Richardson.

I.

How blessed are Lovers in disguise!

Like Gods, they see,

As I do thee,

Unseen by humane Eyes.

Expos'd to view,

I'm hid from you,

I'm alter'd, yet the same:

The dark conceals me,

Love reveals me;

Love, which lights me by its Flame.

2.

Were you not false, you me wou'd know;

For tho' your Eyes

Could not devise,

Your Heart had told you so.

Your Heart wou'd beat

With eager Heat,

And me by Sympathy wou'd find:

True Love might see,

One chang'd like me,

False Love is only blind.

Roeb.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape! — [Kisses her.] I cou'd wish my self a Female for thy sake.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my sake. — [Aside.

Roeb. Or, if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd —

Lean. What wou'd you? marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my Hand, but all my Body at once. — But to our business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. Lovewell.

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World, — but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister! — Ha that gives me a twinge for my Sin. — Pray, Mr. Page, was *Leante* well when you left her?

Lean. No, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. Oh that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose departure occasion'd your departure for *England*.

Lean. That was the occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir: — Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature! — But I still find there was not a word of me. — Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your business is from Mr. Lovewell, I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go.

[Exit.

Roeb. I've thrown my Cast, and am fairly in for't. But a'n't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Vertue, of good Fortune and Quality; I am a Rakehell Rascal not worth a Groat; and without any farther Ceremony, am going to debauch her. — But hold; — She does not know that I'm this Rakehell Rascal; and I know that she's a Woman, one of eighteen too; beautiful, witty. — O' my Conscience, upon second thoughts, I am not so very impudent neither. — Now as to my management, I'll first try the whining Addresses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree.

[Aside.

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir? — [Comes nearer.

D 2

Roeb.

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the bus'ness of Mankind; to adore you — My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulse of my Heart, animates me with a fresh Passion — Wonder not, Madam, at the power of your Eyes, whose painted Darts have struck on a young and tender Heart, which they easily pierced, and which, unaccustomed to such Wounds, finds the smart more painful.

[*Lean. pceps.*] Oh Traytor! Just such Words he spake to me.

Luc. Heyday; I was never so attack'd in all my Life. In love with me, Sir! Did you ever see me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove*. — [*Aside*] Oh, ten thousand times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my view, either asleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, sitting or standing; alone, or in company, my fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you. — Now have I told about fifteen Lies in a Breath. [*Aside.*

Luc. I suppose, Sir, you are some conceited young Scribler, who has got the Benefits of a First-Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam? Are my Cloaths so coarse, as if they were spun by those lazy Spinsters the Muses? Does the parting of my Fore-top shew so thin, as if it resembled the two wither'd Tops of *Parnassus*? Do you see any thing peculiarly whimsical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance strain'd, as if my Head were distorted by a Strangury of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, slovenly, or affectedly careless in my Dress? Do my Hands look like Paper-moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing Poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam; and I know no better way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence. — [*Offers to kiss her Hand.*

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verses upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the Ear, and Exit.*

Leante Entering.

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one. — [*Spitting.*] — It has made my Jolls rhyme in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be casting his Profession in his Teeth. — What! Gone!

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg leave to dedicate

dedicate something——If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for fear he Lampoon me.—Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read. [*Catches her and kisses her three or four times.*]

Lean. Oh, Heaven! I can never bear it.

I must devise some means to part 'em. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first Offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*—Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes; and therefore both Parties should draw out of the Field. [*Going.*]

Roeb. Not till we make Reprizals. I make peace with Sword in hand, Madam, and till you return my Heart, which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again.—
[*Catches her.*]

Enter Leanthé.

Lean. Oh, Madam! Yonder's poor little Crab, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Window-bars, and is like to be strangl'd. [*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*]

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor Crabby! I must run to the rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly.—Come, come, Page——Poor Crabby! [*Exit with Leanthé.*]

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak Crabby!—Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue.—Had Bufs been the first word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Out-works by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthé.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Roeb. What, has Monsieur Crabby rubb'd some of the Hairs off his Neck? Has he disorder'd his pretty Ears? She won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir; you must excuse her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk.—Hark'e, Sirrah; I have half a dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the

Sun; you shall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of *Venus*, Child. 'Tis time you had lost your Maiden-head, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he shou'd stay than go there. [*Aside.*] But why will you keep such Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell :

*Men of ripe Understanding shou'd always despise
What Babes only practise, and Dotards advise.*

[*Exit singing.*

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air.—Yet I may reclaim him. His Follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Vertue look in him, whose Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unseemliness of Vice!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was instantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of those conceited Fools that think no Female can resist their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to consist in blaspheming Heav'n and Women.—I'll feed his Vanity, but starve his Love.

*And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sexes Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *Lyrick's Chamber in Widow Bullfinch's House; Papers scatter'd about the Table, himself sitting writing in a Night Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written.—[*Rising.* I gad I shall maul these Topping Fellows.—Says Mr. Lee,

*Let there be not one Glimps, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juggle in the Dark.*

Says little *Lyrick*,

*Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blind-man's-buff.*

Very well!

Let Gods meet Gods, and so——fall out and cuff.

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh! Here comes my damn'd Muse; I'm always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my House, promis'd me Eighteen-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er received eighteen Farthings, not the Value of that, Mr. *Lyrick*, [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] you always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play.—Sir you shall play no more with me, I'm in earnest.

Lyr. This living on Love is the dearest Lodging—a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has less of one ready Coin than t'other.—There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. First, There's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never observe: for you keep the worst Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactness of Characters.—

Bull. And you have the most scandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.—

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Passions, Beauty of Expression, Closeness of Plot, Justness of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Catastrophe.—

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my House, eat my Meat, destroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture—I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue so ridden? If ever the Muses had a Horse, I am he.—Faith, Madam, poor *Pegasus* is Jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he shan't slip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I must have; let you're Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookseller is to bring me some twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine presently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick*! Pray what d'ye mean? I'll assure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muses spinning——Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have spun me so fine, that you have almost crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-shanks.

Bull. Why fure—Where was your *Thalia*, and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor wou'd have stripp'd you of your

Silk Waistcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verse have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Goal, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ransom me, but bought me as a Slave; so, Madam, I'll purchase my Freedom as soon as possible. Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Course, Sir.—There were a couple of Gentlemen just now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they shan't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promise you that, Sir. [Exit.

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookseller does not bring me Money—
Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. Pamphlet, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are some things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick*: But I don't think 'em for my purpose.—Poetry is a meer Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that because I take Physick when I write? Damn this coftive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke.

Pam. No, Sir; but your Name does not recommend 'em. One must write himself into a Consumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the way to lie abed when his Name's up. Now I lie abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Lyr. Because I have scarcely any Cloaths to put on.—If ever any Man did Penance in a white Sheet——

Pam. You stand only sometimes in a white Sheet for your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muse cou'd take such Flights, yoak'd to such a Cartload as she is.

Lyr. Oh! They are like the *Irish* Horses, they draw best by the Tail.—Have you ever seen any of my Burlesque, Mr. Pamphlet! I have a Project of turning three or four of our most topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for Example; —

[Reads.

*Conquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.
Now, Butchers with Rosemary have our Beef adorn'd,
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.
How d'ye like it, Mr. Pamphlet, ha?—Well——
Like Gods, we pass'd the rugged Alpine Hills;
Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels;
Thro' cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills.*

} Now

Now observe, Mr. Pamphlet; pray observe:

*Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Passage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.*

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. Hurl'd dreadful Fire and Vinegar infus'd.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for the Beef, Mr. Lyrick! 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This is the most ingenious Fellow of his Trade that I have seen; he understands a good thing. — [*Aside.*] — But as to our Business. — What are you willing to give for these Poems! Prithce say something. There are about three thousand Lines. — Here, take 'em for a couple of Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is so excessive dear, that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well because you're a Friend, I'll bestow 'em upon you. — Here, take 'em all. — There's the hopes of a Dedication still. [*Aside.*

Pam. I give you a thousand Thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the hazard; they'll never quit cost indeed, Sir;

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greatest Blockheads that ever was Member of a Corporation. — How shall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below desire to have the Honour of kissing your hand.

Lyr. They must be Knaves or Fools, by their fulsome Complement. Hark ye — [*Whispers the Boy.*] — Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. Pamphlet, by no means! We must drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toast. These are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publish'd; they'll be good Customers — Come, sit down — You have not seen my Play yet? — Here take the Pen, and if you see any thing amiss correct it; I'll go bring 'em up. — Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I shall take cold going down Stairs. [*He takes Pamphlet's Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on Pamphlet's Head.*

Pam. [*Solus.*] This is a right Poetical cap; 'tis Bays the outside, and the Lining Fustian. — [*Reading.*] — This is all Stuff, worse than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1 Bail. You're the King's Prisoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. Lyrick. But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the best Scene. — I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2 Bail.

2 *Bail.* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick*, don't disturb me.——

And furious Lightnings brandish'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us? [Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.

Pam. Gentlemen—I beg your pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occasion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any Man about *Paul's*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*?

1 *Bail.* These Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person; I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me? I'm a Bookseller, no Poet.

2 *Bail.* Ay, Sir, we know what you are by your Fool's Cap there.

1 *Bail.* Yes, one of you Wits wou'd have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter Yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believ'd him. [Hauls him.

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail.* No, no; Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till some Friends come in to rescue him. Ah! These Wits are Devilish cunning.——

[Exeunt hauling Pamphlet.

Enter *Lyrick*, *Mockmode*, and *Club*; *Lyrick* dress'd.

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha. Very Poetical, Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*; a Bookseller bound in Calves-Leather.—Ha, ha, ha.—How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a Shelf.

Mock. What was it? What was it, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Why, I am a Statesman, Sir.—I can't but laugh, to think how they'll sponge the Sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the matter, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a shirking Bookseller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He wou'd have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arrested him.

Mock. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honesty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!—Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing-Master; and now I want only a Friend, to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest Fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game at Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the fet. [*Aside.* But my short Acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw, Acquaintance!—You must be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir?

Lyr. But what use would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second.—Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's Prejudice will be thought Malice. Then you must have a Devilish deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing.—

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heav'n's! Sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy stout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write as little as Divines to what they preach.—Besides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security.—'Twas the last word my Father spoke on his Death-bed, that I shou'd never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret—

[*They whisper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joynt—I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the Knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have received some Marks of his Friendship, some sound Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows, very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd see this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Mistress nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this House, I much doubt.

Mock.

Mock. Impos'd upon! That's very comical.—Ha, ha, ha!
You shall see, Sir; come—Pray Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray; Indeed, Sir, I beg your [They complement for the Door.] Pardon; you're a Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lie, I'm not a Fooll; I'll take an Affront from no Man.—Draw, Sir. [Draws.]

Club. Draw, Sir;—I gad I'll put his Nose out of joynt now.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen,

Club. I'm only my Master's Friend, his Second, or so, Sir.

Lyr. What's the matter, noble Squire?

Mock. You lie again, Sir, Zauns, draw.—[strikes him with his Sword.]

Lyr. Ha!——a Blow!——*Effex*, a Blow——yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. [Strikes him.]

Lyr. Oh Patience Heaven!——Thou art my Friend still.

Mock. You lie, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monster.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah,——That stings home,——Scribler!

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay, then——

I and the Gods will fight it with ye all.

[Draws.]

Enter Roebuck drunk, and singing.

France ne'er will comply

Till her Claret runs dry;

Then let's pull away to defeat her:

He hinders the Peace,

Who refuses his Glass,

And deserves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Mirmydons fall on; I have taken off the odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle.

[Sings.]

Zoons; Gentlemen, why don't ye fight? Blood, fight. Oblige me so far to fight a little; I long to see a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I scorn to shew Sport to any Man.

[Puts up.]

Mock. And so do I, by the Universe.

Club. And I, by the Universe.

Lyr.

Lyr. I shall take another time.

[Exit.

Roeb. Here, Rascal, take your Chopping-knife,—[Gives Club his Sword.] and bring me a Joint of that Coward's Flesh for your Master's Supper.—Fly, Dog.—[Takes him by

the Nose.

Club. Auh!—This Fellow's likeliest to put my Nose out of joynt.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durst be a Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir! I'm a Man of a great Estate, Sir; I have Five thousand Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in England, good *Terra firma*, Sir: Coward, Sir! Have a care what you say, Sir.—My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir; and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. Oh then I know your Genealogy; your Father was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were suckl'd by *Platonick* Idea's, and you have some of your Mothers Milk in your Nose yet.

Mock. Form the Proposition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you so.—Blow your Nose, Child; and have a care of dirtying your Philosophical Slabbering-bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your starch'd Band, set by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir!—This Fellow's blind, drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then set a good Face upon the matter. Throw off Childishness and Folly, with your Hanging-sleeves. Now you have left the University, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheist, by the Universe; I'll take notice of him, and inform against him for being drunk.—Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot.—Stay, I shall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns forget your own Name! your Memory must be very short, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems, for I was but christen'd this Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worship then *Turk* or *Jew* before?—[Aside. I knew he was some damn'd bloody Dog.—]

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, Since; for I have got a plaguy heathenish Name.—Pox on't;—Oh! now I have it.—*Mo—Mock—mo—Mockmode.*

Mock. *Mockmode! Mockmode!* Sir, pray how do you spell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came last from the University.

Mock.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode*.—What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*.

Roeb. Then I'm of the same, I believe.——I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother's, Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode*.

Roeb. Ay ay, the very same Colonel *Peaceable*.——Is not he Colonel of *Militia*?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County last Year?

Mock. The very same, Sir,

Roeb. The very same; I'm of that Family.——And your Father dy'd about——let me see——

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the same token you got drunk at a Hunting-match that very day seven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch. — But it looks very strange that you shou'd be christen'd this Morning. I'm sure, your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to answer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to answer for my self.

Mock. One wou'd not think so, you're so forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Year since I was christen'd, and I can remember my Name still.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glas of Wine, and that will clear our Understanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You must excuse me, Sir.—— This is some Sharper. [Aside.

Roeb. Nay, prithee Cousin, good Cousin *Mockmode*, one Glas. I know you are an honest Fellow. We must remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Sir, you're so short of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your self, Sir; *Mockmode* is a Heathenish Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And so I beg your pardon, Sir.—— [Exit.

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I cou'd bring in a false Deed to cheat him of his Estate.

Enter Brush.

Where the Devil is thy Master? You said I shou'd find him here.

Brush. 'Tis impossible for you, or me, or any body, to find him.

Roeb.

Roeb. Why?

Brussh. Because he has lost himself. The Devil has made a Jugler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Presto*, pass in an instant. He has got some damn'd bus'ness to day in hand.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems.—I must be Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Mistress in the Devil's Name! Well, let my sober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding fast the present.—I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilst they last the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity. I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She is an honest, giddy, reeling Pank;

My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and so we both are drunk.

[Exit reeling.]

The End of the Third A C T.

A C T. IV.

S C E N E, *Lucinda's House.*

Enter Leante, and Pindrefs following with a Paper of Sweetmeats in her Hand.

Pind. **H**ere, here, Page, your Lady has sent you some Sweetmeats; but indeed you shan't have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She sent four Sause, when she made you the Bearer.

[*Aside.*]

Pind. Prithce now, what makes you constantly so melancholy? Come you must be merry, and shall be merry; I'll get you some Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I.—But I wou'd be private, *Pindrefs.*

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you? Boys and Girls shou'd still be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we please; for my Mistress is reading in her Closet, and all the Servants are below.—But what Concerns have you? I'm sure, such a little Boy can have no great bus'ness in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once. [*Aside.*] — Yes, Mrs. *Pindrefs*, I have great inclination. —

Pind.

Pin. To what? To do what, Sir?—Don't name it:—
Tis all in vain;—you shan't do it; you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiss you.—— [Kisses her.

Pin. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll none of your Kisses. Take it
back again, [Kisses him.] Is not the taste of the Sweetmeats
very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquorish Chaps; you'd fain be lick-
ing your Lips, I find that.

Pin. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kisses you won
from me last Night at Cross-purposes; and you shan't think
to keep my Pawn neither.—Pray give me my *Hungary* Bottle.
—As I hope to be sav'd, I will have my *Hungary* Bottle.—
[Rummaging him.]—I'm stronger than you.—I'll carry
you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.—

[Takes him up in her Arms.

Lean. Help! help! I shall be ravish'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the matter?—Oh bless me!

Pin. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almost spoil'd
me! Did not your Ladyship hear me cry I shou'd be ravish'd?
I was so weak, I cou'd not resist the little strong Rogue; he
whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your
Ladyship come in——

Luc. What, Sirrah! wou'd you debauch my Maid, you
little Cock-Sparrow? must you be Billing too? I have a great
mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pin. Oh dear, Madam, let me do't. Ill take him into the
Room, and I will so chastise him——

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindrefs*? I'll send
one of the Men to help you.

Pin. No, no, Madam: I cou'd manage him with one hand.
——See here, Madam. [Takes him in her Arms, and is running
away.

Luc. Hold, hold! — Is this you that the little strong Rogue
had almost ravish'd? He snatch'd you up in his Arms like
a Baby:—Ah *Pindrefs*, *Pindrefs*! I see y'are very weak in-
deed.—Are not you asham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pin. Your Ladyship gave me orders to make him merry, and
divert his melancholy; and I know no better way than to teize
him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets,
and a little shaking, Madam, wou'd do him some good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with impertinence, and have other bus'ness
to mind. [Aside Exit.

Pin. I hope your Ladyship entertains no ill Opinion of my
Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't : but I've so good an Opinion of your Sense, as to believe you wou'd not play the fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all subject to playing the fool, if you continue your Resolution in marrying the first Man that asks you the Question.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd ; I'll never marry any Man.

Pin. I dare swear, that Resolution breaks sooner than the former. [*Aside.*] Ah, Madam, Madam ! if you never believe Man again, you must never be Woman again ; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuously, Madam ; if Mr. *Lovewell* shou'd, with an amorous Whine, and suppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we suspect, wou'd you not believe him ?

Luc. What, believe his vain Assertions, before the demonstration of my Senses ! No, no ; my Love's not so blind. Did I not see his Miss and his Child ? Did I not behold him giving her Money ? Did I not hear him declare, he wou'd settle her in a Lodging ?

Pin. But, Madam, upon serious Reflection, where's the great harm in all this ? Most Ladies wou'd be over-joy'd at such a Discovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child seem'd a lusty chopping Boy ; and let me tell you, Madam, it must be a lusty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence ; he's a Villain, and of all Villains that I hate most, an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modest, and the Gentlemen that of sober *Lovewell*. Now methinks, such a piece of Debauchery sits so awkwardly on a Person of his Character, that it adds an unseemliness to the natural vileness of the Vice ; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.—Stay, is not that he ? [*Pointing outwards.*]

Pin. Yes, Madam ; I believe he's going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly ; we'll thither Masqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue some intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only setting a Face upon the matter. [*Puts her Masque on.*]

*For as Hypocrisie in Men can move,
Here's the best Hypocrite in Female Love.
On even scores designing Heaven took care ;
Since Men false Hearts, that we false Faces wear.*

[*Exits*]

E

SCENE

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Lovewell and Lyrick meeting ; Lyrick reading.

*I'll rack thy Reputation, blast thy Fame,
And in strong grinding Satyr, Gibbet up thy Name.*

Love. What ! in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick* ?

Lyr. A little Poetical Fury, that's all.—I'll 'Squire him ; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce ; he shall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin Hood*, or *Little John* ; my Muses shall haunt him like *Demons* ; they shall make him more ridiculous than *Dox Quixot*.

Lov. Because he encounter'd your Windmil-Pate. ———
Ha, ha, ha !—Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you must be pacify'd.

Lor. Pacify'd, Sir ! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of Sense. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I could bear a kicking from him ; But an Abuse from a Block-head ! I can never suffer it.

*Pent Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School,
Just Sense enough to make a noted Fool.*

That stings, Mr. *Lovewell*.

Lov. Pray, Sir, let me see it:

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir : But if you please to give your Judgment on this Piece. ——— [Gives him a Paper.

'Tis a Piece of Burlesque on some of our late Writings.

Lov. Ay, you Poets mount first on the Shoulders of your Predecessors, to see farther in making Discoveries ; and having once got the upper-hand, you spurn them under-foot. I think you shou'd bear a Veneration to their very Ashes.

Lyr. Aye, if most of their Writings had been burnt ! I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty : Their great Beauties only illustrate their greater Errors.

Lov. Well, you saw the new Tragedy last Night ; how did it please ye ?

Lyr. Very well ; it made me laugh heartily.

Lov. What, laugh at a Tragedy !

Lyr. I laugh to see the Ladies cry ; to see so many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero : Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd ! On my Conscience, these Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour

nour at their Eyes, when the same white Handkerchief that blows their Noses, must be a Winding-sheet to the deceased Hero.

Lov. Then there's something in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha.—— But what relish have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No satisfactory one.—— My Curiosity is fore-stall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what shall happen: for as the Hero in Tragedy, is either a whining cringing Fool, that's always a stabbing himself, or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every-body else: So the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and speculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and shams the Beau and Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Catastrophe of all Tragedies is Death, so the end of Comedies is Marriage.

Lov. And some think That the most Tragical Conclusion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience than that upon the Stage. — I have often wonder'd, why Men shou'd be fond of seeing Fools ill represented, when at the same time, and place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in the Boxes.——

Lov. Oh be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Interest. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your first Parent, the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us sometimes to be a little Atheistical; and 'tis so indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worst habit, that of Satyr. Besides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Esteem, than Raillery, because 'tis still founded upon Jealousie; occasion'd by their preferring senseless Fops and wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Lov. Now I think these Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How so, pray, Sir?

Lov. Because they play the Fool, conscious that it will please; and you're a Wit, when sensible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder. Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Sense should turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment will undertake it.

Lyr. The reason of that is, every one that knows not a tittle of the matter, pretends to be a Judge of it.—By the Lord, Mr. *Lovewell*, I put the Criticks next to the Plague, Pestilence and Famine in my Litany.—Had you seen 'em last Night in the Pit, with such demure supercilious Faces—their contemplative Wigs thrust judiciously backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chase Ill Nature; and with a hissing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Pish! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him!—Lord have mercy upon us.

Lov. Ay, and you shall have others as foolish as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who shall laugh outrageously at every smutty Jest; cry, Very well, by Gad; that's fine, by Heavens; and if a Distich of Rhime happens, they clap so damnably loud, that they drown the Jest.

Lyr. That's the Jest. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you must gather it from the Palmistry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill said, but what's ill taken; so nothing's well said, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry, without these laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty sounding business, good for nothing; and all we Professors might go hang our selves in the Bell-ropes.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha.—But I thought Poetry was instructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you must know, they are too nice to read Sermons; such Instructions are too gross for their refin'd Apprehensions: but any Precepts that may be instill'd by easie Numbers, such as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonsense, with a *Firstly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with some of our modern Plays in their Closet, where the Morality must be devilish Instructive.—But I must be gone; here comes the Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him?

Lov. That which shall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you must be seemingly reconcil'd to him.—Let's step aside, and observe 'em while I give you a hint of the matter. [Exeunt between the Scenes, and seem to confer and hearken.

Enter Mockmode, leading Trudge dress'd like a Widow.

Mock. This is very fine Weather, blessed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do abundance of good to the Grass and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland*.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my first Husband (rest his Soul) say so; he was an *Irish Gentleman*.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your first Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Discourse.—Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning cost a Yard?

Trud. O Lard! What shall I say now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aside.*

It cost, Sir; let me see—— it cost about—— but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy such small things.

Mock. By the Universe, she must be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aside.*] Pray, Madam—I—I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* spoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck*! Was that your first Husband's Name, Madam?

[*Lov. behind.*] She'll spoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor, that let me blood under the Tongue for the Quinsy, and made me hoarse ever since.

Mock. By the Universe she's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a small Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it.— [*Kneels.*

Trud. What is't pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell Enters.

Zoons, her thick Leg will discover all.—By your leave, Sir, have you any Pretensions to this Lady? [*Pushes Mockmode down.*]

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront or not.— [*Aside.*]—Pretensions, Sir! I have so great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretensions to her.—Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Lov. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that must be Wit, for it can't be good Manners.—Sir, I respect all Men of Sense, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Lov. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's *Mockmode*.

Mock. By the Universe, that's very comical! That a Fellow shou'd pretend to tell me my own Name!——Another Question, if you please, Sir.

Lov. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Christen'd Name?

Lov. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, wou'd you persuade me out of my Christen'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Universe.—[*Pulls a handful of Money out.*] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Lov. Sir, you must know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only sign of Christianity you can boast of.—And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell*.

Mock. Then I say, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only sign of a Turk you can brag of.—I wish *Club* were come. [*Aside.*]

Lov. Sir, I shall certainly circumcise you, if you make any farther Pretensions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumcise me! Circumcise a Pudding's end, Sir.—Zauns, Sir, I'll be judg'd by the Lady who merits Circumcision most, you or I, Sir. These *London-Blades* are all stark mad;—[*Lucinda enters, and observes Lovewell courting Trudge in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd persuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that speaks plain to me. I must be Friends with him, because I find I may have occasion for such a Friend; I'll find him out strait. [*Exit.*]

Lov. Madam, will you walk—— [*Exit with Trudge.*
Lucinda and Pindrefs come forward.]

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There must be something in this, more than we imagine. You had best talk to him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poyson in it, and that I cou'd spit Death in his Face.

Pin. If he is lost, your hard Usage this Morning has occasion'd it.

Luc. I'm glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loss, I despise him more now than e'er I lov'd him. That Passion which can stoop so low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the Squire I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell's* Disgrace wou'd bring him into Favour presently.

Lov. It certainly shall, if he be not as great a Fool as t'other's false.

Pin.

Pin. You may be mistaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. Lovewell.

Luc. No, *Pindrefs*; I shall find what I read in the last Miscellanies very true.

*But two Distinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.*

SCENE continues.

Enter several Masques crossing the Stage, and Roebuck following.

Roeb. S'death! What a Coney-borough's here! The Trade goes swimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdness, as the Change is of Knavery.—The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here.—I begin to think Whoring scandalous, 'tis grown so Mechanical.—My Modesty will do me no good, I fear.—Madam, are you a Whore?
[*Catches a Masque.*]

1 Mas. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and Pithy! — If ever Woman spake Truth, I believe thou hast. [Second Masque pulls him by the Elbow.] Have you any Business with me, Madam?

2 Mas. Pray Sir be civil; you're mistaken, Sir.—I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all this Afternoon. [*Aside.*] you're mistaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modest.

2 Mas. So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2 Mas. Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow. — — Then I suppose you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadness of your Bottom, I shou'd guess you sat very much behind a Counter.

2 Mas. My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons, a Judge! I shall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat so long.—'Tis very hard, Madam, he shou'd not do you Justice: Has not he an Estate in Tail, Madam?

2 Mas. I seldom examine his Papers: They are a parcel of old dry shrivel'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is so devilish crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph! — Then I suppose, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Case to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

2 *Mas.* Oh Heav'ns forbid! Such a young Man!

Roeb. That's, I'll do nothing without a Bribe.— Pray, Madam, how does that Watch strike?

2 *Mas.* It never strikes, it only points to the Business, as you must do, without telling Tales. Dare you meet me two Hours hence!

Roeb. Ay, Madam, but I shall never hit the time exactly without a Watch.

2 *Mas.* Well, take it. — At ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle-Temple*. *Cook upon Littleton* be the Word. [Exit.

Roeb. So——If the Law be all such Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. What engag'd? Mirmidon! I find you'll never quit the Battel, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almost tir'd.

Lov. What a miserable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wise Man hates.

Roeb. What? Moralizing again! Oh I'll tell thee News, Man; I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard!

Lov. Pshaw!

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, see my Note of Admission. [Shows the Watch.

Lov. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. Ay, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Lov. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I design to pay honestly.

Lov. I don't like this running o'th' Score.—But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? Is she kind? Ha?

Enter a Masque crossing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! There's a stately Cruiser; I must give her one Chace.—I'll tell you when I return. [Exit running.

Lov. I find he has been at a Lofs there, which occasions his Eagerness for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suspicion; I believe her Vertue so sacred, that 'tis a piece of Atheism to distrust its Existence. But Jealousie in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is still raising Doubts, which without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Lov. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a small Note for him, Sir.

Lov.

Lov. Let me see't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Lov. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bless you, Master. [*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*]

Lov. This is some tawdry Billet, with a scrawling Adieu at the end on't. These strolling Jades know a young wholesome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parson's Wife does a fat Goose. 'Tis certainly some Secret, and therefore shall be known. [*Opens the Letter.*]

S I R,

Tuesday three a Clock.

MR Behaviour towards you this Morning was somewhat strange; but I shall tell you the Cause of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden; the Back-door shall be open.

Your's, *Lucinda*.

Oh Heavens! Certainly it can't be! *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; that spells Woman. 'Twas never written so plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as she's a false one: Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee these three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiss of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd the Back-door open. Mr. *Roebuck*, since I have discover'd some of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open some more of 'em——But how shall I shake him off?——Oh, I have it; I'll seek him instantly.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Roebuck meeting the Porter.

Roeb. Here, you Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck*?

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him just now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I an't positive I gave it to the right Person; but I'm very sure I did; for he answered the Description the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now shou'd I cut thy Throat, Rascal.

Por. Bless your Worship, noble Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! The Back-door open!——Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breasts! Trembling Joynts! Melting Sighs! And eager Embraces!——Oh Extasie!——But how to shake off *Lovewell*!——This is his nicely Vertuous! Ha, ha, ha.——This is his innate Principle of Vertue! Ha, ha, ha.

Enter

*Enter Lovewell.**Lov.* How now! Why so merry!*Roeb.* Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog split, Man; Ha, ha, ha.—The Watch, Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.*Lov.* What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, sure!*-Roeb.* Ay, but I shall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer.—Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I shou'd laugh to see how gravely his Goose-Cap sits upon a pair of Horns; Ha, ha, ha.*Lov.* Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impertinence.—I receiv'd a Note just now.*Roeb.* A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! What d'ye mean? Who brought it?*Lov.* A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.*Roeb.* Oh, thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't. [*Aside.*]*Lov.* And you may be signally serviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Testimony of my Affection, than by making so free with you.—*Roeb.* What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence.*Lov.* There's more than that, Friend.—In the first place, I don't understand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and such a Business might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you must meet and fight for me.*Roeb.* Faith, *Lovewell*, I shan't stick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any time, so I may do it fairly, or so.—The Hour and Place?*Lov.* This very Evening, in *Moorfields*.*Roeb.* Umph! How will you employ your self the while?*Lov.* I'll follow you at a distance, lest you have any foul play.*Roeb.* Which if you do——No, faith *Ned*, since I'm to answer an Appointment for you, you must make good an Assignment for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the *Temple* to Night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and shall be your Pass-port. Let me have yours.—*[Changes Watches.**Lov.* Oh! Was that the Jest? Ha, ha, ha.—Well, I will answer an Assignment for you sure enough. Ha, ha, ha.—How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut?*[Aside.**Roeb.* How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have shabb'd him

him off purely.—But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel? *[Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.]*

Lov. Pshaw! A Trifle, a Trifle; from a Mistress — Take care on't tho'. But heark ye, *George*; don't push too home; have a care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. Gad; I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But d'ye hear, *Ned*, remember you sent me on this Errant, and are therefore answerable for all Mischief; if I do whip my Adversary through the Lungs, or so, remember you set me upon't.

Lov. Well, honest *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courtesie.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my self by serving my Friend:—— I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. *[Aside.]*

Lov. I never imagin'd this Fellow was so easie before.——

[Aside.] Well, good Success to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Transactions that pass.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Lov. That you're an Ass. *[Exeunt severally, laughing.]*

Re-enter Lovewell crossing the Stage hastily, Mockmode and Lyrick following him.

Lyr. Mr. Lovewell, a word w'ye.

Lov. Let it be short, pray Sir, for my Bus'ness is urgent, and 'tis almost dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the Squire, and want only the Presentment of a Copy of Verses to ingratiate my self wholly, throughly. Let me have that piece I lent just now.

Lov. Ay, ay, with all my Heart.—Here,—Farewel.

[Pulls the Poem hastily, and jingles out a Letter with it, which Mockmode takes up.]

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, (which according to the way of us Poets) I say, was written at fifteen, but between you and I it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty!——When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr. At the third Night of his first Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Discretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing, and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians!

Lyr. The Criticks, who with their good Will, wou'd never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock.

Moek. By the Universe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's hand; some Billet-Deux, I suppose; it justl'd out of *Lovewell's* Pocket. We'll to the next Light and read it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *a dark Arbour in Lucinda's Garden.*

Enter Roebuck Solus.

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half shut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lovers Paradise; Cupid stood Centry at the Entrance; *Love* was the word, and he let me pass—Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Case to manage, ten to one he's nonsuited; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I've got in, thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose Influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his fighting Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by an Enemy, as by a Mistress.

Roeb. Hark, hark! I hear a Voice; it must be she.—
Lucinda!

Lov. True to the touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Lov. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms— [Run into each others Arms.
Finding the Mistake, start back.

Lov. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil!—And wert thou a Legion, here's
a Wand shou'd conjure thee down— [Draws.

Lov. We should find whose Charms is strongest. [Draws.

[They push by one another; *Roebuck* passes out at the opposite Door: And as *Lovewell* is passing out on the other side of the Stage,

Enter Leante.

Lean. Mr. *Roebuck*! Sir! Mr. *Roebuck*! [With a Night
Gown over his Cloaths.

Lov. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll swear.—Madam.—

Lean. Sir.

Lov. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've staid a little too long; but making an Apology now were only lengthning the Offence. Let's into the Arbor, and make up for the Moments mispent.

Lean.

Lean. Hold, Sir: Do you love this, *Lucinda*, you're so fond of hauling into the Arbor?

Lov. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. False, false *Roebuck*!—[*Aside.*]—I am lost.

Lov. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to so late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Lov. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witness all those Powers you just now mention'd,

Lov. Revenge your selves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuser, and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*.—This Darkness, which opportunely hides your Blushes, makes your Shame more monstrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell*! I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be mistaken.—Now, Female policy, assist me.

Lov. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty.—Farewell, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. What am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.—This happens better than I expected.—Ha, ha, ha.—Mr. *Lovewell*!

Lov. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's sprung already, and all your Deceit discovered.

Lean. Indeed, you're a fine Fellow at discovering Deceits, I must confess, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this time.

Lov. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's sprung already.—Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at discovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Lov. This Discovery is the greatest Riddle! —Prishee, Child, what makes thee disguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck*?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.—Why, Sir, my Lady had a mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Assignment, and sent me in her stead, to banter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were.—Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the matter?—[*Hugs her.*] O' my Conscience, thou'rt so soft, I believe thou art a Woman still.—But who was that Man I encounter'd just now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck*.—[*Aside.*] Some of the Foot-men, I suppose.—Come, Sir, I must conduct you

you out immediately, lest some more of 'em meet you.

[*Conducts him to the Door and returns.*]

He certainly was here, and I have miss'd him,
 Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
 And loves to hoodwink those already blind.
 Wary Deceit can many by-ways tread,
 To shun the Blocks in Vertues open Road,
 Whilst heedless Innocence still falls on Ruin;
 Yet, whilst by Love inspir'd, I will pursue
 What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
 Not even his Falshood shall my Claim remove;
 From mutual Fires none can true Passion prove;
 For like to like, is Gratitude not Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT. V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in Lucinda's House;
 The Flat Scene half open, discovers a Bed-Cham-
 ber; Lucinda in her Night-Gown, and reading
 by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck groping his way.

Roeb. **O**N what new happy Climate am I thrown?
 This House is Love's Labyrinth; I have stumbled
 into it by chance.—Ha! an Illusion! let me look again.
 —Eyes, if you play me false, [*Looking about.*] I'll pluck
 ye out.—'Tis she; 'tis *Lucinda*! alone, undress'd, in a Bed-
 chamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock.—A blef-
 sed opportunity! —Now if her innate Principle of Vertue
 defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not
 worth Two-pence.—Hold, she comes forward.—

[*Lucinda approaches, reading.*]

Luc. Unjust Prerogative of faithless Man,
 Abusing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
 In former Ages, Love and Honour stood
 As props and Beauties to the Female Cause;
 But now lie prostitute to Scorn and Sport.
 Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
 And Woman-kind must bear a second Fall.

Roeb.

Roeb. [*Aside.*] Ay, and a third too, or I'm mistaken.—
I must divert this plaguy Romantick Humour.

Luc. While Vertue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were Off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis so still; for [*Raising his Voice.*]
Beau with earliest Cherries Miss does grace,
And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!—Protect me, Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accursed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Flesh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what encouragement have you ever received to
prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I must not own the reception of a Note
from her. [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, I know not whether to
attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or
my Destiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be.

[*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away*] If a Gentleman, my Com-
mands may cause you withdraw; if a Russian, my Footmen
shall dispose of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a
Lady, and how to save her Reputation. My Love and Ho-
nour go link'd together; they are my Principals: and if you'll
be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are
burlesqu'd by thy professing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and
thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit shew thee a Gen-
tleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*;
only one part Man, and the other Beast.

Roeb. Philosophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear
the Breeches; [*Aside.*] and, Madam, you are a Demi-God-
dess; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided,
claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine
is the corrupter and debaser of it.—The Passion of you Li-
bertines, is like your Drunkenness; heat of Lust, as t'other is
of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the same——is my Re-
ceipt.—Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to rest
that will disturb our Pleasure; whole Nature favours us; the
kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we
are about.—'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and
she, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a second
oppo-

opportunity.—I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love shall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir!—Thou hast Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Question. Whence proceeds it? From a vain thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Vertue?—If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whose Modesty dare not doubt my Vertue; yet have so much Pride to support it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex, at my feet, shou'd not extort an immodest Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modest as you please, Madam.—You shall be as vertuous to morrow Morning as e'er a Nun in *Europe*; the Opinion of the World shall proclaim you such, and that's the surest Charter the most rigid Vertue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to see, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiss shall seal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Censure of Women, argues the meanness of thy Conversation.

Roeb. Her superiour Vertue awes me into coldness.—
'Slife! it can't be Twelve sure.—Night's a Lyar. [*Draws out his Watch.*]

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I must fetch those shall conduct you hence.—My Eyes are dazled sure, [*Passing by him towards the Door, she perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*]
Pray, Sir, let me see that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens, she has a mind to't!—Oh, 'tis at your service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Vertue by so poor a Thought.—But answer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now shall ask: whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Mistress.

Luc. A Trifle, said he:—Oh Indignation! slighted thus! —I'll put a Jewel out of his power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve.—If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a Vertuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, said she!

Luc. What's your Name, Sir? and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. *Roebuck*!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Instructions.—*Mockmode*, Madam.—*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sir-name.

Luc. *Mockmode*, my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it shou'd,
I've

I've made the better exchange.— — Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*, *Madam*, My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the University; I have Fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*.—'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to day. [*Aside.*

Luc. The very same.— And had you any directions to court a Lady in *London*?

Roeb. Umph!— How shou'd I have found the way hither else, *Madam*? What the Devil will this come to? [*Aside.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.— Dreams go by contraries.— Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Designs are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, till I send for my Chaplain: you must take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm lost for ever. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very sober *Shropshire* Gentleman in good earnest; I don't start at the Name of a Parson.— Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.— Oh but there are Children, squawling Children. Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.— Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I shall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reasonable, since all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds should go thither.— But then, there's *Leante*! that sticks. I love her, witness, Heaven, I love her to that degree.— Pshaw, I shall whine presently. I love her as well as any Woman; and what can she expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water.— Fortune has decreed it otherwise.— So lead on, blind Guide, I follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into — Matrimony. [*Going out, meets Leante.* Oh my dear auspicious little *Mercury*! let me kiss thee.— Gotell thy Charming Mistress, I obey her Commands. [*Exit.*
Enter *Leante*.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I must follow him. [*Going.*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!— *Madam*.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be married presently.

Lean. Married so suddenly! To whom, pray *Madam*?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyship is not in earnest, *Madam*?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do? — Oh, Madam, suspend it till the Morning, for Heaven's sake. Mr. *Lovewell* is in the House; I met him not half an hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Lovewell* in my House! How came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threatned every body. Pray, delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbor, in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly. [Exit.]

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirely won; For I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings break. Discovering who I am, exposes me to shame. Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pin. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two-pence a piece into this Marriage Lottery.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me. — But stay let me consider o'th' business.

Pin. No consideration; the business must be done hand over-head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress* [Takes her Hand.]

Pin. You expect tho' that I shou'd turn up Trumps.

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. [Aside.] — Well, *Pindress*, 'tis a Match. Begone to the lower Arbor, at the West-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman. — Haste.

Pin. Shan't I put on my New Gown first?

Lean. No, no; you shall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbor.

Pin. A Green-Gown! — Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make hast, my Spouse, fly.

Pin. And will you come? will you be sure to come?
—— O my little Green-Gooseberry, my Teeth waters at ye. —

Lean. Now Chance. — No, thou'rt blind.

*Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night.*

[Exit:

SCENE Bullfinch's House.

Enter Lovewell, Brush and Servant.

Lov. Mr. Lyrick abroad, saist thou! and *Mockmode* with him!

Serv. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Lov. I don't understand this.—*Brush*, run to *Lucinda's* Lodgings, and observe what's doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently.
[Exit *Brush*.]—Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode's* Man can inform ye.

Lov. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. Club, Mr. Club.

Lov. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir; but he's asleep, and in bed. — Mr. Club;
Mr. Club.

Club. Augh — [Yawning.] I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me. — Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, with his Coat unbutton'd; his Garters unty'd, scratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.

Club. Pox o' your *London* Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Lov. Where's your Master, pray Sir.

Club. Augh.—'Tis a sad thing to be broken of one's Rest this way.

Lov. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master! — Augh — [Stretching and yawning:

Lov. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master! — Augh. — What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep. — Augh —

Lov. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or — Where's your Master?

Club. Augh. — I had the pleasantest Dream when you call'd me — Augh. — I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse had broke loose among the Mares. — Augh; — And so, Sir, you call'd me. — Augh. — And so I waken'd.

Lov. Sirrah, [Strikes him.] — Now your Dream's out, I hope;

F 2

Club:

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Lov. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirra, or I'll dust the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir!

Lov. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Master is——where you are not, Sir.——My Master's in a fine Ladies Arms, and you are——
here, I take it. [Shrugging.]

Lov. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one, Mr. *Lyrick* did his bus'ness, and my Master will do her bus'ness, I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* Breed, which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Lov. Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow——Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! Ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory that you wou'd give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Master's over Head and Ears in the *Irish* Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Lov. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were Stepping-stones laid in his way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you.——Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden to Night?——Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Sdeath, Rascal, What Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the Park, and juttled that sweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Master's Hands, Sir, and discover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you're as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Lov. Curs'd Misfortune!——And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll spit you like a Sparrow

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a Hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda's* Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth.——Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play

Play to a very good Cata——Cata——what d'ye call him, Sir?

Lov. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden. —— 'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet! I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synalocpha of him; I'll——

Club. He, he, he!—Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow! —He, he!

Lov. Nay, then I begin with you. [Drubs him.]

Club. Zauns! Murder! Dem me! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! [Runs off, and Lovewell after him.]

SCENE changes to the Anti-Chamber in Lucinda's House; a Hat and Sword on the Table.

Enter Brush.

Brush. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a mousing. Ha! I smell a Rat—A Sword and Hat!—There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to these, and may be lap'd up in my Lady's Lavender, who knows!—— [listens.]

Enter Lovewell in a hurry.

Lov. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd, trick'd.——

Brush. I believe so too, Sir.—See here! — [Shows the Hat and Sword.]

Lov. By all my hopes, *Roebuck's* Hat and Sword. This is Mischief upon Mischief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any body secure 'em, I'll search the House. —I'm ruin'd!——Fly.——*Roebuck*?——What hoa?——*Roebuck*?——hoa?

Enter *Roebuck* unbutton'd; runs to Lovewell, and embraces him.

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wish me Joy, wish me Joy, my Friend.

Lov. Of what, Sir;

Roeb. Of the dearest, tender'st, whitest, softest Bride, that ever blest Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and must fly again to her Embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Lov. Hold, Sir; I hope you mock me! tho' that it self's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you!—By Heav'ns, no! she's more than Sense can

can bear, or Tongue express. — O *Lucinda*! Shou'd Heaven——

Lov. Hold, Sir; no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleasure, and must confess all. When her soft melting, white, and yielding Waste, Within my pressing Arms was folded fast, Our Lips was melted down by Heat of Love, And lay incorporate in liquid Kisses, Whilst in soft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Lov. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance. — By Heav'n I swear you shan't marry her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I swear so too; for I'm married already.

Lov. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man! — Pshaw, that's Nonsense. A poor Fellow can no sooner get married, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain presently. — You may call me Fool, a Blockhead, or an Ass, by the Authority of Custom: But why a Villain, for God's sake?

Lov. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorfields*?

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for me at the Fountain, Sir?

Lov. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir; is my Wife.

Lov. Then this decides the matter. — Draw.

[Throws *Roebuck* his Sword and draws his own.

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other Business to mind on my Wedding-night. I must in to my Bride. [Going.

Lov. Hold, Sir; move a step, and by Heavens I'll stab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pshaw, I an't prepared to die; I an't, Devil take me.

Lov. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why, you won't be so unconscionable as to kill a Man so suddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Lov. Pardon me, Heavens, if press'd by stinging Taunts, my Passion urge my Arm to act what's foul.

[Offers to push at him.

Roeb. Hold. [Taking up his Sword.] 'Tis safest making Peace, they say, with Sword in Hand. — I'll tell thee what, Ned; I wou'd not lose this Night's Pleasure for the Honour of fighting and vanquishing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*.

Permit

Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thrust with you to morrow Morning.

Lov. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life!—Then thou'rt a Coward.

Roeb. You imagin'd the contrary, when you employ'd me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Lov. Will nothing move thy Gall?—Thou'rt base, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee: Therefore name not that word again, for such a Repetition wou'd over-pay all thy Favours.

Lov. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou hast catch'd it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendship even yet does balance Passion; but throw in the least Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Lov. [*Pausing*] No, I've thought better; my Reason clears: She's not worth my Sword; a Bulky only shou'd draw in her Defence, for she's false, a Prostitute. [*Puts up his Sword.*]

Roeb. A Prostitute! by Heavens thou ly'st. [*Draws.*]—Thou hast blasphem'd. Her Vertue answers the uncorrupted State of Woman; so much above Modesty, that it mocks temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of her Sex, and I stand Champion now for the fair Female Cause.

Lov. Then I have lost what nought on Earth can pay. Curse on all Doubts, all Jealousies, that destroy our present Happiness, by mistrusting the future. Thus Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell.—And is she vertuous?—found the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as vertuous as thy Sister.

Lov. My Sister!—Ha!—I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Sister; for her you courted, and I heard she lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her also; nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendship tow'rs—; and had my Fate allow'd me time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have stop'd the Marriage. But since 'tis past I must own to you, to her, and all the World, that I cast off all former Passion, and shall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms from which I just now parted.

Enter Leanthé in Woman's loose Apparel.

Lean. I take you at your word. These are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happiness! *Leanthé!*

Lov. My Sister! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it shall, it must be so——For none on Earth could give such Joys but she——Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increase? *Lovewell*, my Friend! This is thy Sister! 'Tis *Leanthé*! My Mistress, my Bride, my Wife.

Lean. I am your Sister, Sir, as such I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Passion, which has driven me into some imprudent Actions: But none such as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in suspense, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthé*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda*; I sent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon; and I——

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Lov. Thou art my Sister and my Guardian-Angel; for thou hast bless'd thy self, and bless'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* still is safe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May!——She shall be thine, my Friend.

Lov. Where is *Lucinda*?

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Universe.

Lean. You must give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe, Madam.——Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam.

[Offers to salute her awkwardly.]

Lov. By your leave, Sir——*[Thrusts him back.]*

Roeb. Ah, Cousin *Mockmode*!——How do all our Friends in *Shropshire*?——

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Cousin, your Crack. But Gentlemen, by the Assistance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes shall testify. Bring in the Jury there——Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter

Enter Lyrick and Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck*! [*Trudge seeing Roebuck, throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.*] And Faith is it you, dear Joy? And where have you been these seven long Years?

Mock. Zauns!

Roeb. Hold off, stale Iniquity.—Madam, you'll pardon this?—[*To Leanne.*]

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promised to marry me, so you did.—Ah Sir, *Neddy's* a brave Boy, God bless him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows I had a heavy Load of him.

Low. Guilty, or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode*?

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemn'd, I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsy.

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breathe a Vein for ye.—Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireship.

Low. Now, Sister, my Fears are over.—But where's *Lucinda*? How is she dispos'd of?

Lean. The Fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of imposing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentleman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress's* Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd her self in my Cloaths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, past upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*, my next Business is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Discovery of the Mistakes between both will easily effect.

[*Exit.*]

Roeb. Well, Sir, [*To Lyrick.*] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this Squire (will you give me leave to call you so now?) this Squire had a mind to personate *Lovewell*, to catch *Lucinda*.—So I made *Trudge* to personate *Lucinda*, and snap him in this very Garden.—Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write your *Epithalamium*?

Mock.

Mock. My *Epithalamium*! my *Epitaph*, Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred Pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. These are hard Times, and Men of Industry must make Money.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Universe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapside*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's hands.

[Gives Roebuck the Bill.

The Executioner shall cut the Rope. [Goes to the Door,

and brings in Bullfinch dress'd like a Parson.

Here's Revelation for you! — [Pulls open the Gown.

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon*!

Lov. What Pope *Joan* the Second! Were you the Priest?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Christianity the Poets were Priests.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Wou'd it not do well for a Play? — My Money, Sir. — [To Roebuck.

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman. —

[Gives it to Trudge] you have divorc'd her, and must give her separate Maintenance. — There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Enter *Lucinda*, *Leante*, and *Pindrefs*.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Leant. Here are these can testify the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much such another Person as your Dream represented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my dissembling, since only the hopes of so great a purchase cou'd cause it.

Luc. Let my wishing you much Joy and Happiness in your Bride testify my Reconciliation; and at the Request of your Sister, Mr. *Lovewell*, I pardon your past Jealousies. You threatned me, Mr. *Lovewell*, with an *Irish* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wish it present now, to assist at your Sister's Nuptials.

Leant. At my last going hence, I sent for 'em, and they're ready.

Lov.

Lov. Call 'em in then.

[*An Irish Entertainment of three Men and three Women,
dress'd after the Fingallian Fashion.*]

Luc. I must reward your Sister, Mr. *Livewell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore settle my Fortune and my self on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Estate in *Ireland* to your Sister, and that Gentleman.

Lov. 'Tis done, only with this Proviso, Brother, That you forsake your Extravagancies.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always slighted Gold,
But most when offer'd as a sordid Bribe.

I scorn to be brib'd even to Vertue,
But for bright Vertue's sake, I here embrace it. [*Embracing
Leante.*]

I have espous'd all Goodness with *Leante*,
And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and Unlawful Flames

Debauch us first, and softer Love reclaims.

Thus Paradise was lost by Woman's Fall;

But Vertuous Woman thus restores it all. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE:

Written and Spoke by J. O. HAYNES
in Mourning.

I Come now here, your Poets Fate to see,
He and his Play may both be damn'd for me: }
No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn for Thee.
And must these Structures then untimely fall,
Whilst th' other House stands, and gets the Devil and all?
Must still kind Fortune through all Weathers steer 'em?
And Beauties bloom there spight of Edax Rerum.
Vivitur Ingenio, that damn'd Motto there, [Looking up at it.
Seduc'd me first to be a Wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed; Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!
I knew that Stage must down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho' ?—— (Pray now speak,)
After all our Services, to let us break;
You cannot do't, unless the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit, han't we us'd to win ye?
First, to divert ye with some new French Stroulers;
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars. [Mocking the
late Singers.

When their Male-Throats no longer drew your Money:
We got ye an Eunuch's Pipe, Seignior Rampony.
That Beardless Songster we cou'd ne'er make much on;
The Females found a damn'd Blot in his Scutcheon.
An Italian now we've got of mighty Fame,
Don Sigismondo Fideli.—There's Musick in his Name;
His Voice is like the Musick of the Spheres,
It shou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20l. a time.
He's a handsome Fellow too, looks brisk and trim;
If he don't take ye, then the Devil take him.

Besides,



EPILOGUE.

Besides, lest our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've Pickt up Gipsies now to please, or fright ye.

Lastly to make our House more Courtly shine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Hero's did their Tour design. }
To mend their Manners, and coarse English Feeding,
They went to Ireland, to improve their Breeding:
Yes, for all this, we still are at a loss,
Oh Collier! Collier! thou'st frighted away Miss C——s:
She, to return our Foreigner's Complaisance,
At Cupid's call, has made a Trip to France.
Love's Fire Arms here, are since not worth a Sou:
We've lost the only Touch-hole of our House.

Losing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if thin Audience must Jo. Haynes undo,
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, O Stage!
Resist the Vows of this obdurate Age,
I'll then grow wiser, leave off Playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-House for a Boarding-School.
D'ye think the Maids won't be in a sweet Condition,
When they are under Jo. Haynes's grave Tuition;
They'll have no occasion then, I'm sure, to Play,
They'll have such Comings-in another way.



EPICURE



